JOY AROUND HIS TOMB

Dr. Talmage Discourses on the Glad Festal Season.

We Should Roll Away the Stone of Sin from the Sepulcher of Our Dead Selves-We Should Sit Upon the Stone, but Not Till We Have Moved It-On Resurrection Moru the Tombs Shall Be Opened by the Power of Music-Dead Shall Then Live.

Rev. T. De Witt Talmage finds food for Easter thoughts in the texts, Luke, xxiv:1: "Bringing the spices which they had prepared," and I Cor., xv:25: "The trumpet shall sound."

this Easter, for, imitating these women we can inhale no more of the perfume, then we will take to sweet sounds and hear from the music that shall wake the dead. "Notice also what the angel did with

and lays it down in one piace, and then puts the shroud in another place, and comes out and finds that the soldiers who had been on guard are lying in a dead The illustrious prisoner of the tomb is discharged, and five hundred peo-ple see Him at once. An especial conto the resuscitated soldiers to say there was no resurrection, and that while they the corpse. The Marys are at the tomb with aromatics. Why did not these women of the text bring thorns and netties? hand nervous from night study, and pale For these would more thoroughly have expressed the piercing sorrows of themselves and their Lord. Why did they not tring some national ensign, such as reer of hardship, they entered a profession of the leak of food, and put their academic degrees in the pocket of a thread-bare coat. Then starting for another canot tring some national ensign, such as that of the Roman eagle, typical of conquest? No; they bring aromatics, suggestive to me of the fact that the gospel saying, I will succeed; God help me, for is to sweeten and deoderize the world.

The world has so much of putrefaction until the world was compelled to acand maledor that Christ is going to roll knowledge and admire them, over it waves of frankincense, and sprin"The fact was that the obstacle bekle it all over with sweet-smeiling myrrh.

Lity as an Emblem. 'Thousands of years before this, Solo mon had said that Christ was a lily, and Isalah had declared that under the Gos-pel the desert would bloom like the the text bring hands full and arms full of redolence, and perhaps unwittingly confirm and emphasize the lesson of deodorization. When Christ's Gospel has conquered the earth the last offense to the olfactories will have left the world; sweet, pure air will have blown through every home, and churches will be freed from the curse of ill ventilation, and the world will become two great gardens, the empurpled and emblazoned and emparaed hemispheres.

'Sin is a buzzard, holiness is a dove. If you are trying to reform the world, open the windows of that tenement house and pour through it a draught of God's nure atmosphere and set a geranium or Co. heliotrope on the window sill; cleanse the dur air, and you will help cleanse the soul. How dare this world so often insult that feature of the human face which God has made the most prominent feature in human physiognomy? To prove how He panion Himself loves aromatics, I bring the fact that there are millions of flowers on prairies and in mountain fastnesses fragrance of which no human being ever breathes, and He must have grown them there for His own regalement. And for the compliment the world paid Christ by giving Him a sepulcher in Joseph's garden, He will yet make the whole earth a garden. Yes, He expressed His delight obstacles. with fragrance in the first book of the Bible, when He said: "The Lord smelled a sweet savor;' and He filled the air of the ancient tabernacle and temple with incense; and there are small bottles of perfume in heaven, described in Revelaperfume in heaven described in Reveta-tion as golden vials full of odors. I tion as golden vials full of odors. I he sat one chilly morning waiting for the preach an ambrosial Gospel which will yet extirpate from the world all foulness a job until he world all foulness a job, until he mounted the highest throne and the last mephitic gas. Glad am I that, though the world had chiefly spikes for the Saviour's feet and thorns for the Saviour's brow, the Magi put frankincense upon His cradle and the Marys brought frankincense for His grave.

Flowers, Not Thorns.

"Standing amid this scene of Christ's that floral and sculptural ornamentation e appropriate for the places of the dead. are all glad that in the short time of the Saviour's inhumation he lay amid flowers and sculpture. There is no place so appropriate for flowers as the casket of the departed. If your means allow it, let there be flowers on the casket, flowers on the hearse, flowers on the grave. Put unfurl hem on the brow; it means coronation. Put them in the hand; it means victory. means music celestial. Form them into an anchor; it means safe in harbor. Chris: strike sail, his guns were Flowers are was buried in a parterre. types of resurrection. Death is sad enough anyhow. Let conservatory and rboretum do all they can in the way of alleviation. Your little girl loved flowers while she was alive; put them in her hands, now that she cannot go forth and pluck flowers for herself. On sun-shiny lays twist a garland for her still heart. days twist a garland for her still heart. Some still heart by the still heart by the still him and great anniversary platforms in vited him, and Daniel Webster and Charles than her cemeteries; nor Philadelphia Dickens and Frederika Bremer, and poets han her Laurel Hill; nor Brooklyn than her Greenwood; nor Boston than her Mount Auburn: nor Cincinnati than her Spring Grove; nor San Francisco than her Lone Mountain. What shall I say of those country grave yards where the vines have fallen, and the slab is aslant, and the mound is caved in, end the grass is the pasture ground for the sexton's cattle? Are your father and mother of so little account you have no more respect than that for their bones?

straighten up the fence, and lift the slab, think about 12 o'clock noon of resurrec and bank up the mound, and pull out the tion day you will see something worth awhile you yourself will want to lie down the resurrection will take place in to the last slumber. If you have no reyour children will have no deference for yours. Do you say sees relics are of no importance? You will see of how much importance they are when the archangel ever and see the surroundings of the takes out his trumpet. Turn all your couch where our bodies have long been out his trumpet. Turn all your grave yards into gardens.

The Earthquake's Key.

"Notice, also, that Christ's mausoleum was opened by concussion. It was a great earthquake that put its twisted key into e involved and labyrinthine lock of that tomb. Concussion! That is the power that opens all the tombs that are opened at all. Tomb of soul and tomb of nations, thirteen colonies, and forth comes free government in America. Concussion becomes republicanism for France. Connai, and on two of them was left a per-

nd France, and most of this continen est of the Mississippi becomes the property of the American Union. Concussion between United States and Spain, and Cuba is liberated. Concussion between ceberg and iceberg, between bowlder and bowlder, and a thousand concussions put this world into shape for man's residence. Concussion between David and his ene-mies, and out came the Psalms, which otherwise would never have been written. oncussion between God's will and man's THE LILY'S SACRED SIGNIFICANCE will, and ours overthrown, we are new misfortune and trial for many of the

ood, and out comes their consecration.
"Do not therefore be frightened when you see the great upheavals, the great agitations, the great earthquakes, whethr among the rocks or among the nations or in individual experience. Out of them God will bring best results and most magnificent consequences. Hear the crash all round the Lord's sarcophagus and see the glorious reanimation of its dead inhabitant, Concussion! If ever a general European war, which the world has been expecting for the last twenty years, should come, a concussion so wide and a concussion so tremendous would not leave a throne in Europe standing as it no The nations of the earth are tired of hav-"Enchanting work have I before me ing their Kings born to them, and they als Easter, for, imitating these women would after a while elect their Kings, of the text, who brought aromatics to and there would be an Italian republic, the mausoleum of Christ, I am going to unroll frankincense and balm and ottar of roses and cardamon from the East Indies, and odors from Arabia, and, when the cursion would come resurrection for all

Having on other Easters described the whole scene, I need only in four or five from the mouth of the Saviour's mausosentences say: Christ was lying flat on his back, lifeless, amidst sculptured rocks-rocks over him, rocks under him, and a All of us ministers have preached a serdoor of rocks, all bounded by the flowers mon about the angel's rolling away the and fountains of Joseph's country seat.

Then a bright immortal, having descended from heaven, quick and flashing as a did he sit upon it? Certainly not because the situation of the situation o ed from heaven, quick and flashing as a failing meteor, picks up the door of rock he was tired. The angels are a fatigue and puts it aside as though it were a chair, and sits on it.

In angels are a fatigue less race, and that one could have shoul dered every rock around that tomb, and "Then Christ unwraps Himself of His carried it away, and not been besweated. dered every rock around that tomb, and mortuary apparel, and takes the turban frem His head and folds it up deliberately to show me that we may make every earthly obstacle a throne of triumph.

Triumph of Effort. "The young men who get their educa-The young men who get their estates tion easy seldom amount to much. Those who had to struggle for it come out atop. There is no end of the story of studying by pineknot lights, and reading while the mules of the towpath were resting, and of going hungry and patched and barefoot, and submitting to all kinds of privations to get scholastic advantages. But the day of graduation came, and they took the diplomas with a hand nervous from night study, and nale the story of the cust—the seven hundred and affty thousand slain in the tion easy seldom amount to much. Those who had to struggle for it come out atop. gress of ecclesiastics called, pay a bribe ing by pineknot lights, and reading while were overcome of slumber the Christians barefoot, and submitting to all kinds had played resurrectionists and stolen of privations to get scholastic ad-

tween their discouraging start and their complete success was a rock of fifty tons, but by resolution, nerved and muscular-ized and re-enforced by Almighty God, they threw their arms around the obstacle, and, with the strength of a super-natural wrestler, rolled back the stone, rose; but the world was slow to take the floral hint. And so now the women of they sat upon it. Men and women are good and great and useful just in propertion as they had to overcome obstacles. You can count upon the fingers of your one hand all the great singers, great orators, great poets, great patriots, and great Christians who never had a struggle. That angel that made a throne of the bowlder at Christ's tomb went back to heaven and I warrant the worth, or William, Prince of Orange, land; or Gustavus Adolphus crowned, or Jerome of Prague burned at the stake. to heaven, and I warrant that, having or Tamerlane found his empire? Gone been born in heaven, and always had it Gone! Sin is nightshade, holiness is a flower. women with obstacles in the way, I tell a torch, and we will go through some of

"Is the obstacle in your way sickness? and right over where the departed conquer it by accomplishing more for God You know that these catacombs at during your invalidism than many accom-plish who have never known an ailment. Are you persecuted? By your uprightness and courage compel the world to acknowledge your moral heroism. Is it poverty? Conquer it by being happy in the companionship of your Lord and Master, who in all His life owned but 62 cents, and those He got from a fish's mouth, and immediately paid it all out in taxes to the Roman assessor, and who would have been buried in a potter's field had not Joseph of Arimathea contributed a place; for He who had not where to lay the for He who had not where to lay head during His life, had a borrowed low for the last slumber. There is

Some High Exemples.

"An ungrateful republic at the ballot-box denied Horace Greeley the highest place at the National Capital, but could not keep him from rising from the steps of American journalism. He rol the stone and sat upon it. "A poor orphan boy, picking up chips

at Richmond, Va., accosted by a passing sea Captain, and invited to come on board his vessel, drops the chips and starts right away, and is tossed from port to port, and, homeless and friendless ders one day along Tremont street, Bosresurrection I am impressed with the fact ton, and sees Park Street Church open occasion and using sailors' vernac in, I up helm, unfurled sail, and made for the gallery, and scud under bare poles to the corner pew. Then I have to and came to anchor. The old man, Dr. Griffin, more prosperously. The salt spray fin every direction, but more especially it run down my cheeks. Satan had spiked, his various crafts by which h led sinners captive were all beached, and the Captain of the Lord's hosts rode forth,

cher, rolled back the stone and sa

Move It First.

"Yet do not make the mistake that nany do of sitting on it before it is rolled away. It is bound to go if you only Some day gather together and tug away at it. If not before, then shrubs. After seeing. The general impression is that morning. The ascent to the skies will the bones of your ancestors, hardly occur immediately. It will take ward, and we will all want to take a see of how much look at this world before we leave it for sleeping. On that Easter morning the marble, whether it lay flat upon your grave or stood up in monument, will have to be jostled and shaken and rolled aside by the angel of resurrection, and while waiting for your kindred to gather

pens all the tombs that are opened Tomb of soul and tomb of nations, as in between England and the an colonies, and forth comes free iment in America. Concussion be-France and Germany, and forth republicanism for France. Connamong the rocks on Mount Sinamong the rocks on Mount Sina feet law for all ages. Concussion among the rocks around Calvary, and the Crucifixion was made the more overwhelming. Concussion between the United States and Mexico, and a vast area of country be-

"It will be done by music. Nothing but music, sweet but all-penetrating music. The trumpet shall sound! You say that is figurative. How do you know? But whether literal or figurative, it means music anyhow. The trumpet, that stirring, incisive, mighty instrument, with a natural compass from G below the staff to E above, blown above Sinai when the law was given, blown around Jericho when the walls tumbled, blown when Gideor discomfited the Midianites, blown when the ancient Israelites were gathered for worship, to be blown for the raising of the dead in the last great Easter. The mother, who, when the child must be awakened, kisses its eyes awake, does ell. But the trumpet, which, when the ead are to be aroused, kisses the ear awake, will do better. Be not surprised if the dead are to be awakened by music Why, that is the way now we raise the

ist day the dead are to be raised by

"The trumpet shall sound! And that inaround the Roman Campagna, where over seven million human beings sleep. through all the crystal sarcophagi of Atlantic and Pacific and Mediterranean and
Caspian and Black Sea deeps. And over
Broad for the self-complacent British sneer, all the battle-fields of continents, until all the fallen troops of English and French and Italian and German and Russian and Persian and American and the world's battle-fields answer the call. Marathon, come up! Agincourt, come up! Blenheim, come up! Acre, come up! Hohenlinden, come up! Sedan, come up! Gettysburg

in the bivoure of the cust—the seven hundred and fifty thousand slain in the Crimean war; the eight hundred thousand slain in our American civil war; the fifteen million slain in the wars of the Sesostris; the twenty-five million slain in Jewish wars; the thirty-two million slain in the wars of Ghengis Khan; the eighty million slain in the wars of Ghengis Khan; the eighty million slain in the wars of the Crusaders; the one hundred and eighty million slain in the Roman wars. Ay, according to Dr. Dick, the dead in war, if each one occupied four feet of ground, would make enough graves to reach four hundred and forty-two times around the earth.

The Harvest of Death. The Harvest of Death.

"The most of people are dead. The world is a house of two rooms, a base ment and a room above ground. The basement has two to one, three to one, four to one more occupants than the superstructure. Sickness and war and death have been stacking their harvests for near six thousand years. Where are those who saw the Pilgrim Fathers embark, or the Declaration of Independence signed, or Franklin lasso the lightning,

easy, he now speaks of that wrestle with the rock as the most interesting chapter raise the dead. Oh! how much the world "But the trumpet shall sound. Music to in all his angelic lifetime. Oh, men and needs it. You take a torch, and I will take you that those obstacles are only thrones the aisles of the Roman catacombs, and that you may after a while sit on. You know that these catacombs are fifty or sixty feet under ground, and if one loses the guide or his torch is extinguished, he never finds his way out. So let us stay close together, and with our ches, as we wander along a small part of these nine hundred miles of underground passages, see the inscriptions as they were really chisled there on both sides the way. On your side you read by the light of your torch: 'Here rests a handmaid of God, who out of all ner riches now possesses but this one house. Thou wilt remain in eternal repose of happiness. A. D. 389.' On my side I read by the light of the torch: 'Aurelia, our sweetest daughter; she lived fifteen years and four months. A. D. 25.' On your side you read: 'Here hath been laid a sweet spirit, guileless, wise, and beautiful. Buried in peace. A. D. 388.' On my side I read: 'You well-deserving one, lie in peace.' of these nine hundred miles of under leserving one, lie in pea will rise. A temporary rest is is not dead, but lives beyond the stars and his dead body rests in this tomb.' Or and his dead body reasts in this tomb. On your side you read: 'Here, happy, you find rest bowed down with years.' Trene sleeps in God.' 'Valeria sleeps in peace.' 'Arethusia sleeps in God.' 'Navira in peace, a sweet soul, who lived sixteen years, a soul sweet as honey; this epitaph was made by her parents.' The Final Dawn.

"But let us come out from these catacombs and extinguish our torches, for upon all these longings and expectations of all nations the morning of resurrection dawns. The trumpet shall sound And the sooner it sounds, the better. Oh. how you would like to get your loved good thing if this moment we could hear the resounding and reverberating blast! Would you not like to see your father again, your mother again, your daughter again, your boy again, and all your deof resurrection and reunion! Under the hoofs of the white steeds that draw thy chariot we strew Easter flowers. Would t not be grand if we could all rise to-"You know that the Bible says we shall

not all sieep, but we shall all be changed.
What if should be among the favored ones w the full life of our body we bodies take on immortality Somerville. And I would co

of Somerville. And I would consider the hour less come, the trumper ras sounded, the resurrection is here. Father and mother, you were the best of all the group; now lead the way! The earth sinks out of sight. Clouds under foot, Other worlds only milestones on the King's highway. We rise! We rise! We rise! To be forever with the Lora and forever with one another. May we all have part in that first resurrection! In this dark world of sin and pain,

discussion of the dangers of flattery to public men, cites Abraham Lincoln as an nstance of a public man whom fla has seldom been an instance, of a public man who was less tempted in this way than was Lincoln. The people admired him and were loyally true to him in public life. As regards the latter Lin coln was continually criticised and trou-bled by them. There was never one of greater than Washington, or even anywhere approaching to the He was continually found fault with by his own party associates at the to refuse him a second term in the Presidency, and some of them intrigued to prevent his having his. The saint-like pa

this was a beautiful trait in his char-

A TRIBUTE TO LINCOLN

Authorship of a Notable Poem in London Punch.

ATTRIBUTED TO VARIOUS PARTIES

In It the London Comic Paper, Which Had Lampooned and Caricatured Martyred President Throughout the War, Poetically Recanted Its Heresy and Placed a Wreath on Lincoln's Bier-Hay and Nicolay Disclose Writer's Identity.

cause in a merciless manner. It appeared within a month after the Ford's Thestrument shall have plenty of work to do ater tragedy, and formed a complete on the day mentioned. It will have to recantation on the part of the great sound through all the pyramids, which are only names for sepulchers, and liberate the buried kings. And through hyperages while were hill in sounds. by") of the position of unfriendliness to and hypogean graves which were dug in the United States which it had consistentrecks, and through the nine hundred by maintained since the beginning of the winding miles of catacombs under and war. The poem follows: ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Foully Assassinated April 14, 1865. You lay a wreath on murdered Lincoln's bier, You, who with mocking pencil wont to trace His length of shambling limb, his furrowed face.

His gaunt, gnarled hands, his unkempt, bristlin His garb uncouth, his bearing ill at ease, lis lack of all we prize as debonai Of power or will to shine, of art to please.

ou, whose smart pen backed up the pencil's laug Judging each step, as though the road were plain teckless, so it could point its paragraph, & Of chief's perplexity, or people's pain.

Beside this corpse, that bears for winding sheet. The Stars and Stripes he lived to rear anew, etween the mourners at his head and feet, Say, scurril-jester, is there room for you?

To lame my pencil, and confute my pen-To make me own this hind of princes peer, This rail-splitter a true-born king of men. My shallow judgment I had learnt to rue,

How his quaint wit made home-truth seem more tru How, iron-like, his temper grew by blows. How humble, yet how hopeful he could be; How in good fortune and in ill the same; Nor bitter in success, nor boastful he, Thirsty for gold, nor feverish for fame.

le went about his work-such work as few Ever had laid on head and heart and handone who knows, where there's a task to do, Man's honest will must heaven's good grace col

Who trusts the strength will with the burden grow That God makes instruments to work His will, If but that will we can arrive to know, Nor tamper with the weights of good and ill. so, he went forth to battle, on the side

That he felt clear was liberty's and right's, As in his peasant boyhood he had plied His warfare with rude nature's thwarting mights The uncleared forest, the unbroken soil

The iron bark, that turns the lumberer's ax. The rapid, that o'erbears the boatman's toil.
The prairie, hiding the mazed wandered's tracks, The ambushed Indian, and the prowling bear-Such were the needs, that helped his youth to train

ough culture-but such trees large fruit may bear

If but their stocks be of right girth and grain So he grew up, a destined work to do. And lived to do it—four long-suffering years' IN-fate, iH-feeling, iH-report, lived through, And then he heard the hisses change to cheers,

And took both with the same unwavering mood: Till, as he came on light, from darkling days. And seemed to touch the goal from where he stoo A felon hand, between the goal and him.

Reached from behind his back, a trigger prest— And those perplexed and patient eyes were dim. Those gaun', long-laboring limbs were laid to res The words of mercy were upon his lins.

Then this vile murderer brought swift eclips To thoughts of peace on earth, good will to mer The old world and the new, from sea to sea,

Sad life, cut short just as its triumph came A deed accurst! Strokes have been struck before By the assassin's hand, whereof men doubt more of horror or disgrace they bore; But thy foul crime, like Cain's, stands darkly of

Vile hand, that brandest murder on a strife, Whate'er its grounds, stoutly and nobly strive And with the martyr's crown crownest a life With much to praise, little to be forgiven. Author of the Poem.

The poem appeared anonymously Punch of May 6, 1865, accompanying a o full-page wood engraving which repre-

Lincoln and placing a wreath upon his the martyred President, and a slave, with riven shackles by his side, cowering on hausted. the floor at the foot of the bier in an at. "We sighted a sailboat at 6 o'clock in the titude of despair. Under the picture are morning, but the Great Western Raiba the words, 'Britannia Sympathizes with Company's steamer Lynx, from We Columbia." The authorship of the poem has been at- bore down on us and took us all on boat

how you would like to get your loved tributed to Mark Lemon, the dramatic ones back again! If we are ready to meet writer, and others, and has led to considour Lord, our sins all pardoned, what a erable controversy. In order to settle the steamer Vera, from Southam dispute a representative of The Post re- up forty others of the survivors and landcently called at the State Department and submitted it to Secretary John Hay, the loint author, with Hon. John G. Nicolay, "Life of Abraham Lincoln." Mr. Hay remembered the poem after persons were drowned out of the 220 c

The Post representative then called at the residence of Mr. Nicolay, who con-

firmed Mr. Hay's statement. "I remember it very well," said Mr. Nicolay, "and the author of the poem is Tom Taylor. The aristocratic classes of England were intensely bitter against the lost one or more relatives. Union during the war, and Punch faithfully reflected their sentiments, which makes it very remarkable that the paper should have admitted these stanzas." of the bitterness of English

which found vent in the colfollowing extract appearing in that publication January 21, 1865: "TO THE YANKEE BRAGGARTS.

Thunder Which We Had Prepared in Case Mr. Seward Should Back up Gen. Dix.

"War with England, indeed, you long faced, wizened, ugly, ignorant Occidentals Do you know what you are talking about? Defy the flag that has braved a thousand years the Lattle and the breeze? Laugh at the Lion and give umbrage to the Unicorn. Bah' Bosh! Shut up! Tremble! Do you know what we should do in the flash of a lucifer match? We should recognize the Confederacy, proclaim Davis King of the South and steam into all the Confederate ports at once with 300,000 guards, all six foot and most six and three-quarters, sinking all your blockading ships to David Jones, except such as we should seize for our own use in bombarding New York. We should put Sir Hugh Boses at the head of our suppended land. Do you know what you are talking about? ships to David Jones, except such as we should seize for our own use in bombard-ing New York. We should put Sir Hugh Rose at the head of our stupendous land force and relieve Lee, who would rusn South to exterminate all your Generals, provided with life-belts, and there was lit. their number to tell him that he was Washington and for the second time, ha! ba! give it to the devouring flames. We the boats, into which ! was helped, then we should annex the North to the rocks.' tience with which Lincoln bore up under

Appearing in a comic paper, a humorou Appearing in a comic paper, a humorous construction is to be placed upon this effusion, but under its thin veneer of wit the ugly hunor of John Bull is unmistakable. And on Yebruary 18, 1865, Punch had a cartoon representing Uncle Sam in the acter. Something made him very strong.

Perhaps it was not opposition, but ter-

rm of an enormous eagle, dressed like brother Jonathan, in short trousers and ong-tailed coat of stars and stripes, with straw hat on the back of his neck, his shoulders hunched up about his ears and hands in trousers pockets, looking gloomily at Lincoln, who is represented as a tall, gaunt individual with large feet, a crop of sinister black whiskers, and a shock of obstreperous hair, one hand buried deep in his pocket and the other holding a notice on which, in large letters, appears the words: "Abrogation

of Canadian treaties. By order of the Under this cartoon: "The Threatening Notice-Attorney Lincoln: 'Now, Uncle Sam, you're in a darned hurry to serve this here notice on John Bull. Now, it's my duty, as your attorney, to tell you that you may drive him to go over to that cass, Davis, (Uncle Sam considers.)"

Author of "Our American Cousin."

The disclosure that Tom Taylor was the author of the poem in which Punch re-Why, that is the way now we raise the dead. Take the statistics, if you can, of the millions of souls that have been raised from the death of sin by hymns, by palms, by solos, by anthems, by flutes, by violins, by organs, by trumpets. Under God what hosts have been resurrected by ira D. Sankey, by Thomas Hastings, by William B. Bradbury, by Lowell Mason, by motherly lullables, by church doxologies, by oratorios. If we raise the dead now by music, be not surprised that on the last day the dead are to be raised by ment of the Union and had interest from the fact that it was Tom Taylor who wrote "Our American Causin," the comedy which Lincoln with the death of Abraham Lincoln that appeared in the London Punch soon after the assassination of the President, April 14, 1865. This poem excited attention for the reason that the London Punch had been throughout the war a bitter opponent of the Union and had interest from the fact that it was Tom Taylor who wrote "Our American Causin," the comedy which Lincoln with the east of Abraham Lincoln that appeared in the London Punch soon after the assassination of the President, April 14, 1865. This poem excited attention for the reason that the London Punch had been throughout the war a bitter opponent of the Union and Advi interest from the fact that it was Tom Taylor who wrote "Our American Causin," the comedy which Lincoln with the eath of Abraham Lincoln that appeared in the London Punch soon after the east at the London Punch soon after the east at the London Punch had been throughout the war a bitter opponent of the Union and Advidinterest from the fact that it was Tom Taylor who wrote "Our American Causin," the comedy which Lincoln when the death of Abraham Lincoln that appeared in the London Punch soon after the east at the London Punch had been throughout the war a bitter opponent of the President, April 14, 1865. This poem excited attention for the President, April 14, 1865. This poem excited attention for the President, April 14, 1865. This poem excited attention for nent of the Union, and had lampoored and was moved to write the poem under the influence of a strong emotion. Besides, he probably never shared the ani-mosity toward the Union which Punch pictorially and graphically expressed, for "Our American Cousin" the American character in the imperfect form that it must have appeared to an Englishman's mind. It was not until Sothern saw his destiny in Dundreary that the play was remodeled so as to minimize the American and broaden the original minor part of the English eccentric. He then wrote "Sam." in which he and Sothern attempted to give the same promience to the American that Dundreary had attained in the first play. It was Taylor, also, who wrote "Ticket of Leave Man," "Black-eyed Susan," and a play that still makes Sothern live in the memory of old patrons of the theater-"The Crushed Tragedian."

HUNDRED LIVES LOST

Channel Steamer Stella Runs 1 on Casquet Rock.

WAS RACING THROUGH THICK FOG

While Boats Were Lowered the Boilers Exploded, Splitting the Vessel In Two and Sending Her to the Bottom-Steamer Was Carrying Large Excursion-Exact Number of Persons on Board Not Known, but Probably in Excess of Two Hundred.

Southampton, March 31.-The passenger steamer Stella, plying between this port and the Channel Islands, crashed upon the dreaded Casquet rocks, near the Island of Alderney, yesterday afternoon, in a dense fog, and foundered in ten minutes, her boilers exploding with a trenendous report as she went down.

The Stella, which belongs to the London and Southwestern Railway Company, left Southampton at noon yesterday, convey-ing the first daylight excursion of the season to the Channel slands. There were about 185 passengers on board, and the crew numbered thirty-five men. The weather was foggy, but all went well ntil the afternoon, when the fog became

At 4 o'clock the Casquet rocks suddenly At 4 o'clock the Casquet rocks suddenly is bomed up through the fog bank and the teamer almost immediately afterward steamer almost immediately afterward struck amidships. The Captain, seeing that the Stella was fast sinking, ordered the lifeboats to be launched. His instruc-tions were carried out with the utmost celerity, and the women and children were embarked in the boats. Then the Captain ordered the men to look after he lifeboats to be launched. His instructions were carried out with the utmost were embarked in the boats. Captain ordered the men to look after

themselves. A survivor states that he and twentyfive others put off from the Stella in a small boat. The sea was calm, but there was a big swirl around the rocks. When this boat was a short distance away from he wreck the boilers of the Stella burst with a terrific explosion and the

lisappeared stern foremost in the sea. Captain Stuck to His l'ost. The last thing the survivor saw was he figure of the Captain of the Stella standing calmly on the bridge, giving his instructions. The Captain perished with his vessel, the suction caused by the inking steamer being very great, indeed. Continuing, the survivor referred to said: "The suction was so tremendous that we thought our boat would be engulfed, I saw five boats and the collapsible besides our boat, leave the wreck. They contained altogether between eighty ne hundred persons. Five of the boats were soon lost to view, but we took a sents Britannia mourning at the bier of boat filled with women in tow and the occupants of our boat took the oars in breast, Columbia weeping at the head of turn and rowed all night long, until most

dropped asleep, thoroughly ex-

She eventually landed us at Guernsey. The Great Western Raliway ed them at Guernsey.

According to the latest estimates of the officials of the London and Southwester oard the Stella when she struck on the "It was written by Tom Taylor, the rocks. Other reports, however, place the number of drowned much higher

Heartrending Scenes.

The disaster caused intense excitement in the Island of Guernsey and here, There were harrowing scenes at the ofces of the London and Southwestern Railway at both places. Many families

Husbands are inquiring for their wives ries for missing parents. All the flags are half-masted at St. Peter-le-Port. ager of the Western London office of the

American Line.

Another steamer, which arrived at the Island of Jersey at about noon to-day, re-ports having passed many bodies of vic-tims of the disaster about the Casquei

A survivor of the disaster, named Bush

Little Papie on Board.

"All the passengers and crew had been scher or tipsy, while we marched upon the panic as the ship sank. I first slipped should then walk over you all, and rowed supposedly in the direction of straight into Carada, where we should in- Guernsey, but seven hours later we found stantly hang every Yankee who had dared ourselves near the scene of the wreck, to set his hoof on the sacred soil, and and saw dozens of persons clinging to the

> The boat in which Bush was a passen ger was afterwards picked up by the

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succeed in growing plants that are thrifty and which bloom freely. It requires more or less experience to grow flowers with success. This experience may be gained through the wisdom taught by repeated failures, or it may be borrowed from others who have already learned the The latter plan we regard as the better one, since it avoids unpleasant disappoint ments. There is now published a magazine which is devoted exclusively to floriculture, and which gives from month to month exactly the information amateurs need in order to enable them to succeed with their flowers. This magazine has been appropriately named How to

The purpose of this publication is fully indicated by its title. It is intended to furnish concise and practical form, information that will enable amateurs to grow flowers successfull How to Grow Flowers is the only icornal in America exclusively devoted to popular floricult which is thoroughly independent in its character. The magazine is owned and conducted b persons in no way connected with commercial floriculture. How to Grow Flowers is a beau tiful specimen of typographical art. It is printed on fine calendared book paper, and illustrated with half-tone engravings. All the illustrations used are made from photographs taken e-pe ly for this magazine. The mechanical execution of How to Grow Plowers gives it place in the fron rank of the best class of publications. Everything published is from the pen of an authority on home floriculture. Topics are treated in season, and always by experts. The best floral write country are regular paid contributors for How to Grow Flowers. Among the number are Eben E. Rexford, floral editor of the Ladies' Home Journal: R. R. McGregor, floral editor the Woman's Home Companion; Miss Jessie M. Good, Mrs. A. E. Borden, Mrs. Sarah A. Pleas, Miss Sarah A. Hill, Miss Etta J. Cornf Mrs. Georgie T. Drennan, Mrs. Georgia D. Runyan, Mrs. Minnie W. Baines-Miller, F. P. Livingston, David Fraser, Henry Cleveland Wood, William Gilbert Irwin, and dozens of others.

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served out the life-belts and lowered the ing of the vessel was heartrending.

men were screaming and praying, and people were clinging to spars and other wreckage in all directions. Those who wreckage in all directions. Those who had succeeded in getting into the boats had a narrow escape from being engulfed on account of the suction caused by the sinking vessel. The voice of Capt. Rocks, from the bridge, was frequently heard urging the rowers to pull for their lives.

boats were adrift for fifteen hours, during which their occupants were with-out food or water, and as their clothes were drenched, they suffered greatly. The disaster is generally attributed to the high speed at which the steamer was trav-

Sav. d Their Loved Ones.

The steamer Honfleur returned to-night after having made the circle of the Casquet Rocks. She picked up two boats entaining women's clothing, money, velry, and an opera-glass case. The

t had evidently been used in bailing. fany most pathetic incidents are In several cases men lifted their wives and children into the boats and then perished themselves in their preserce. One wife who was thus bereft lost

A large number of the survivors arrived here without any clothing, clad only in blankets. It is thought probable that the Partons

were the only Americans on board the Stella, as the list of survivors does not contain the names of any other Ameri-

contain the names of any other Americans, so far as known.

The second mate was the only officer of the Stella who was saved. The Captain and the other officers, most of the crew, and many of the passengers sank with the Stella. A boat in charge of the chief officer capsized and almost all its occupants were drowned. A few of them were picked up by other boats. picked up by other boats.

Took His Custom E sewhere.

From the London Spare Moments about 1 o'clock in the morning by some one clamoring at his shop door. Opening his bedroom window he saw a small boy ism—the cities built up by white men the pillaged and destroyed, the harbor "What's the matter?" inquired the

"I want a penn'orth o' camphorated chloroform for t' toothache," howled the

The chemist was not overjoyed when he found how small the order was for which he had been so rudely awakened from his slumber; but, taking pity on the sufferer, he dressed himself and went downstairs to supply the much-desired relief. While measuring the drug he could not help indulging in a growl at the lad. "It's like your impudence," he observed, to wake me up at this time of the night for a paltry pennyworth of chloroform. said the boy, resentfully. Then I'll take my custom somewhere else. You can keep your chloroform, I won't have it now, for your cheek."

And he didn't. He went off quite indignantly, nursing his jaw, to wake up some other chemist.

R. flections of a Bachelor.

What a man likes most about a girl is his arm.

When a man proposes to give his wife a useful present she is sure he doesn't love her any more. war, a woman goes to a department store, shuts her teeth, and annimitates her sex. If a man could ever learn which end man's hat is which, he might be able

OUR BUSINESS IN PHILIPPINES.

To Govern These Mixed Races and Trans

homogeneous. They are diverse in race. religion, habits, and language. They are not amicably inclined, one race toward another. They not only are not fit for self-government now, but it is doubtful whether they ever will be. They have been despotically governed by Spania They will be governed henceforward by is questionable whether these Malays can ever be elevated to American citizenship they will be given the benefits of civiliza tion. To deprive them of those benefits and permit them to relapse into barbarism with all its consequences of murder, pillage, rapine, and disorder of every kind would be an uncivilized act on our own to answer to the rest of the world. T permit the Philippines to be closed to the commerce of the world and the person

peacefully engaged in business there to

be despoiled of their property and drive

from their homes-after that commercial

has been permitted to exist and been e

couraged and protected for centuries

States of America "anathema" among the great nations of the world. It would a worse act than any of which Spai has been guilty for a hundred years. This country stands charged with the responsibility of civilizing the Filipinos That responsibility entered Manila is and sank the Spanish fleet. There is way to evade that responsibility except with dishonor. We had to take Manila We had to destroy the last vestige of Spanish sovereignty. We had to take Spanish sovereignty. possession of the Philippines. We must stay there and we must now devise th best and wisest plan of governing then keeping the "open door" for the com-merce of the world. The only course is govern them ourselves or to abandon them to some greedy European power, o

be filled up and the lighthouses to be put ority of the people of the United State will stand by the administration and as dat it in the great work of government se mixed races and transforming them into a friendly people.

Vatent Medicine Poetry.

From the Atlanta Constitution. Who writes the poetry for the big advertises Some of it is good-better, in fact, than much signed work which appears in the periodicular is the testimony of one man given to verse

"I was in a big Northern city," he says, hard we and hungry. Fact is, I hudn't dined in two dark, and it looked as if I never should dine again I hawked a bail-dozen poems around for three dark but could find so sale for them. In desperation whole a rhymed advertisement for three patent new letines, then occupying large space is the daily never papers I called on the firms and offered my sure. The first man gave me \$10 for two verses, and I swit the second man four verses for \$12. That put me 'on my feet' again, and in a mosth's time I had cleared over \$50 by similar work. And it was bettef stuff, too, than-

stuff, too, than—
"For human tils
"For a year or more I made a good living at it.
And whenever I get hard up now I whirl in and pri
up patent medicine poetry. It's been a gotsend to
me—I tell you, it has:"

rom the Colorado Springs Gazette.

The almond-eyed Chinaman relighted his pipe and remarked to his neighbo "Biggee man, this Aguinaldo. Make tiubble for Melican man alles time. He gleat fighter."